Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES.

Time—one by one earth's burdens lays,
As a new trial each day brings;
And in my long sear'd bosom lies
No healing balm to make it bless.

Would the dark curtain of the grave
Could close around my weary head,
As calmly as the ocean wave
Above the sinking wrecks o'erspread.

For once, I in sight the world was fair,
And knew no other dark'ning sky
Than nearby's semblance there;
Thus was I unprepared to meet.

I stood my all among the throng;
I loved her as none loved before;
And reason'd, I trust as none
Two souls—my hopes prostrate and o'er.

I lived, through happiness and ill,
Where'er I wander'd was found a little boy in the
solitude of the mountain, whose mother had per-
ished beneath the avalanche. The affectionate
creature induced the poor boy to get upon his
back, and thus carried the little fellow asleep to
the gates of the convent. The subject I have
seen represented in a print.

The dog is not the only creature remarkable
for his attachment to man. It is recorded, that
the celebrated Edmund Burke, owned a very
old horse, which had formerly belonged to his
son. After the death of the son, the old horse
was turned into the park to end his days, in
ease and quiet. Burke having given orders that
he should be treated with the utmost kindness,
in memory of his departed master, the old
man of not only splendid talents, but of refined
feelings, and the most intense affections. One
day he was missing from the park, when the old
horse came and stood before him, apparently
sympathising in his sorrows, for his son. At
length, he appeared still nearer and suddenly
approaching closely, rested his head on his mas-
ter's bosom. The tide of memory rolled over
the heart of Burke, and he threw his arms round
the neck of the affectionate animal, and wept
long and bitterly. The act was worthy a ge-
nerous heart.

The elephant is also distinguished for its at-
tachment to man, especially when well treated.
Captain Mundy relates an extraordinary in-
stance, which occurred in India: a gentle-
man, while hunting the lion, as is customary in
that country, fell from the howdah, (or saddle on
the back of the elephant,) and found himself in
the very clutches of a large lion. The elephant
no sooner saw the dangerous situation of his
master, than he seized a small tree with his
trunk, under which the lion was standing, and
bent it down with such force over the back
of the lion, that he roared with agony, and re-
leased the man from his jaws of inevitable death.

Such instances of sagacity and gratitude in
dumb beasts, are by no means rare. Almost
every page of naturalistory abounds with them.
Dumb creatures have saved the lives of and con-
tributed to the comfort and happiness of the hu-
man race. The dog that barking of geese, has
once saved Rome, and from the goose which
has the least brain of all animals of its size, we
obtained that delightful instrument, the pen as we-
ful to mankind. The monkey which has the
least brain of any animal according to its size,
(save man,) has ever been of service to man-
kind. Its mimicry has cured melancholy in
many persons, and caused others to jump to the
grave, saving them by substituting the mind in
the ludicrous movements of the monkey, from
the act of suicide. A man was once saved
from death, by seeing a monkey drink physic.
His wry faces so tickled him, that he recovered
from that moment.

During dark periods of the world, when su-
perstition and ignorance conjoined with preju-
dice, prevented the anatomist from obtaining
human bodies, the bodies of dumb beasts have
contributed to the advancement of the sacred
science. We are told that Dr. Hoffman disco-
vered the pancreas in a turkey, and that the sali-
vary glands in a duck secreted juice in excess of
oil in an ox, by Dr. Wharton. The thoracicduct
was first discovered in a horse by Pecquet, and Ha-
fus, in dissecting an ewe, found the fallopian
tubes. Thus was the door opened to the disco-
very of the same in man.

It is to be regretted that there is no veterinary
chair established in any of our American Uni-
versities, for the cure of diseases in do-
mestic animals. The illustrious Dr. Rush was
a friend to animals, and had contemplated the
principle of *instinct* in the mind of the brute
creation. In many respects, it appears similar
to reason when we consider the latter faculty.
The brute mind possesses the faculties of memory
and judgment—sometimes in perfection, for
the horse will remember a road long after his
rider has forgotten it. But no brute has the fa-
culty of improvement, hence they are on the
whole sublime delights which the human mind
is capable of receiving from its powers. That
they have the faculty of understanding is pro-
ven by the fact, that goats, dogs and hogs have
been taught to read and use arithmetic. They
perhaps reason in many instances but lack the
principle of judgment.

The science of education has been strongly ex-
emplified in the associations sometimes formed
between stronger and weaker animals. The
dog is the natural enemy of the cat, but
in many families dogs and cats are seen eating
together in perfect friendship. The force of ha-
bit and necessity was shown some years
ago by a rat catcher who gave some young rats
to a cat which had lost its kittens. The
latter instead of destroying them, suckled and
tenderly reared them. A man not long ago had
a small kangaroo in London, containing a cat,
a rat, mice, guinea pigs, an owl, a hawk, a spar-
row, and a pigeon, all living in peace and
harmony and affection. The sparrow without
fear perched itself on the head of its natural ene-
my the hawk, and the pigeon reclined on the cat,
played their tricks in the presence of the cat,
and seemed to be in a total exemplification of
the power of early discipline and habit! We
here see a result worthy the imitation of human
beings.

The brute creation has been held in high es-
teem by all refined nations and people. In
Egypt, they were the care of kings, and the
power of foretelling awful events. We are
told by historians, that on the night preceding
the assassination of Julius Cæsar in the Senate House.
The ravens croaked in the air. The lamb is
the sacrifice of the Jewish nation, and the flesh of
certain animals was considered peculiarly and
particularly acceptable in sacrifice to God.
Even in modern times, the Turks and Roman
church of praying for all dumb creatures. Many
of the constellations represented in the form
of beasts, reptiles and fishes. Alexander the
great owed much of his success to his noble
horse Bucephalus, and did not hesitate to ex-
press his gratitude, for he named a city in honor
of the proud creature which had so often borne
him to victory and to conquest.

Seeing then and knowing that we are so much
indebted to the dumb creatures, what shadow of
excuse has man for his tyranny to them. The
very meanest of the whole creation is his bene-
factor. Woman storms her lovely form with
the product of the labor of a poor worm scarce-
ly two inches long. Many an unthinking man
rails at the millions of flies which infest our
dwellings in summer, ignorant that they are the
great scavengers which remove putrid sub-
stances from our dwellings and our bodies and there-
by no doubt prevent many diseases fatal to hu-
man life.

It behoves man then to acknowledge those
creatures, likewise the works of God, and the
Author of all good, and instead of tyrannizing
over them, to treat them with that gentleness
and kindness which the dictates of reason and
inferior creatures always indicates a good heart
and intelligent mind, for ignorance and cruelty
are generally found united in the same person.

HILFORD BARD.

From the New England Weekly Review.

STANZAS,

On seeing a group of Girls kneeling in silent Prayer.

Lo!—they are kneeling—each bow is covered
With the white hands that press them—and an awe,
Like that which falls on the listener when he hears
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw
His pure and silent influence on the human heart.
The ardent hopes that burn within each bosom!
I can see by treasures, to those luckless beauties
That wreath the bowers of everlasting rest!

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion
In silence with the God to which it bows!
Away from Earth to seek a closer union,
With him that sits at the right hand of Heaven.
Before which angels and archangels, bending,
Offer perpetual worship—while they sing
Through Heaven's bright regions, harps with voices
blending,
Pour loud hosannahs to the living one!

Malachi Seymour, Esquire, of Hartford, Conn. died on the 19th inst. in the 84th year of his age.

Comes as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls,
And, as it whispers, seems to bless them!
Feels its air fingers dallying with her curls—
But flu is it not, rather, the spirit?
Do sun is a whisper from another world,
That tells of Him who died upon the cross?
When Earth to utter nothing shall be heeded!

Are they not beautiful!—nor noise, nor motion
In the deep quietness of those silent worshipers!
Feel their hearts burning with an pure devotion
As ever was offered up on any subject I have
Each humble spirit, in a flame from Heaven
Let us on the altar of our God!
Oh! bright will be the hope that shall be given
To those meek girls—and theirs the fairest part."

Do they—the reckless—guiltless—whose existence
Hath been a summer morning, cloudless bright,
Whose hearts have felt no sin in the form of darkness
Or future sorrow or forgiven and delight,
Feel their hearts swell with the pride to be forgiven?
That in God's mercy they alone can trust!
If they need cause to bow down low for Heaven
Be my proud spirit humbled in the dust.

INISFAIL.

THE MINIATURE.

"Look on this picture.—*Shakspeare.*

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Diaper Garnet was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently, introducing his thumbs into the arm holes of his waistcoat, casting one eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, be-traying entire comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a comfortable dowry, had found him an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jewel-ler's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem, Mrs. G., many boxes of inferior and showy lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the re-commendation of the same, he had no probably thwart his advancement in life!

His thoughts had been occupied all the morn-ing by a review of the many flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound saying of his master, old Agnon, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent church-yard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. The remembran-ces, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now reached the height of felicity,) of various past indiscretions; he conjured to memory that an-spacious day, when twitching from its congenial station, one of two wedding rings, he placed it on the left hand fourth finger of his fel-low; and when, by the same token, he received upon those three pre cents transferred into his own name in the books of the Garnet Bank, the Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved all these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and plump countenance, as he fell to a second soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeous-ly dressed in an orange vest, and a pair of wash-leather trousers, confined by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to dine with a brother in the Bank Parlour.

The approach of a young lady, dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought the master of the premises to recollection. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "this is well! quite 'long-ways' for your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satis-fied him upon that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner, be-fore—young gentleman!—ey—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. Ah! these dreadful acci-dents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so sus-ceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be calm; and be attempted a joke, which was rather unfortu-nate, for Miss Lucy, who was in reality a little vain, was considerably piqued at the allusion to her personal appearance.

"Pshaw! nonsense, Mr. Garnet," said she, with an arch look, "you know I am not in the least afraid of you. Besides, I have a protector with me, who would not suffer you to hurt a hair of my head, even if you were to attempt it."

"Ah! indeed!" said Garnet, looking at her with a sly archness, "and pray, who is this pro-tector?"

"Why, Mr. Fogg, to be sure," said she, with a look of pride.

"Mr. Fogg!" repeated Garnet, with a look of astonishment, "Mr. Fogg!—why, he is not here!"

"Yes, he is," said Lucy, "he is in the shop."

"Mr. Fogg in the shop!" said Garnet, with a look of alarm, "Mr. Fogg in the shop!—why, he is not there!"

"Yes, he is," said Lucy, "he is in the shop, and he has been there for the last half hour."

"Mr. Fogg in the shop!" said Garnet, with a look of terror, "Mr. Fogg in the shop!—why, he is not there!"

"Why, Garnet, what's the matter with you?" said Lucy, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Mr. Fogg in the shop!" said Garnet, with a look of despair, "Mr. Fogg in the shop!—why, he is not there!"

"Why, Garnet, you won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it is discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I hope you'll remember your promise to me," turning to Fogg.

"From me! madam," said Fogg, upon his knee, "expect none that may be ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another.

"Base man!" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy.

"Dogs, Miss, to receive assurances of my unalterable love and devotion!" said the former in re-sponse.

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found"—said Mrs. Garnet.

"Which I took"—said Fogg, meaning of this!" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," spring-ing into his wife's arms. "Dearest love, surely but how is this?" exclaim Fogg, explain. Do you not know that you are married?"

"Married!" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and the joyous goldsmith danced about the counter, "let's be merry"—and he drew out the decan-ter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and I'll all go hapharzard, and make a night of it."

"Well, there never was such an extraordina-ry mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous con-cert with the goldsmith.

From the Casket

THE LUTE.

Ye twilight hair! how lovely!
You bear each silver tress,
Beaming, amid the glowing leaves
Of all those woodlands bare,
Like gems of light
From mantle lips a loving word.

O such a chime as this,
Ever with music, and with love,
Its sorrows and its bliss!
It fills the eye, the bosom, the cheek;
Yet cannot, cannot speak.

Ah no! it was a vocal lute,
In the unlaid bosom hid,
Whose every thought was thrilling
Of its own worship shrill!
Ah no! it was a human lute,
Hushed with the rapture which it feels,

Ah no! it is enough to see,
Or hear, or feel, or know,
O daughter of the vine crowned land,
The sea of feeling,
She smiles—she sighs—I will not ask
For more pledges—she need not speak.

R. B. T.

[From the German.

THE PIE.

Mr. Heftelmeyer was the court tailor, and had the honor to be a favorite with the prince. No person, who would pretend to be well dressed, could think of wearing a coat that did not proceed from the hands of Mr. Heftelmeyer, and all the arts and attempts of his rivals to attain the singular elegance of his cut, failed most miserably. But the prince, without doubt, would have greatly commoned for the beauty of his daughter Amelia, had not the court tailor been a widower. This circumstance may have been the reason why he was so much esteemed as they were. All the flatterers who were addressed to her were disregarded, for she knew that her father would not hear of it, as a tailor's daughter. Maurice could not understand this, and resolved, although he was in the habit of going to the court every day, to make himself in any ward of living independent of his father, and to found a family himself. In the meantime there was any thing but neighbourly feeling between the two families. One day, Mr. Heftelmeyer had invited his colleague to dine with him to dinner, and at length entorted from her a confession, that she had set her mind on a pie which was to be served up at the table. Heftelmeyer was delighted at this proof of his daughter's liberality, or else it is downright theft.

"That's it—

Don't be angry—I know you are incapable of such an act, and, besides, your subsequent conduct shows it.

"Oh, give me leave. I will prove to you in two words, that Heftelmeyer is unquestionably a thief, and that the pie which you have to eat is most absurdly false. This is the fact. All this afternoon I was sitting in my room, and as the door was shut, I sent as a mark of civility to his wife, who is living in and out of this, by some means or other, a piece of the pie, and as an appe-tizer, a pot of botargo.

"Mrs. Seebeam," Madame Seebeam!" cried the tailor, who at this moment appeared at the door with a most terrified and contrite air, "I beg your pardon a thousand times, but I have sent out to mend any thing that Mr. Herbst may say. The whole matter is a mistake, and I come be-cause I have found out that I have been required your kind intentions so ungratefully.

This speech was as unexplicable as any part of the pie, and Seebeam and his wife looked at one another, as much as to say there was no doubt now that the poet fellow was really deranged.

Matters was soon explained. It appeared that the police had made a general perquisition, at the moment when it was least expected, among all the suspected persons in the city. The old woman by whose incapacity the pie with botargo had found its way to Mr. Seebeam's apartments, had been in the habit of selling duck, on what Mr. Heftelmeyer's name was inscribed, being found in his possession, had led him to imprison, the result of which, was his own confession, cleared up the whole of the mystery.

Before Mr. Seebeam laughed heartily at the adventure, and readily forgave his neighbor's impertinency. The lawyer seized the favorable opportunity for bringing about a firm reconciliation between the parties; and three months after the adven-ture of the pie, Maurice and Amelia, (notwithstanding Mr. Seebeam's great relations) were happily married.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Portugal and Other Topics.—Portugal, in fact, is in a state of anarchy. Lisbon is in the hands of the rebels, and the Queen has left the capital and taken refuge in Oporto. Her troops have been defeated in every direction, and the whole country is in a state of utter confusion. Spain is also in a very unsettled condition. Carlist bands are overrunning the country, and the Queen's troops are unable to cope with them. The Carlists have succeeded in capturing Bilboa, which they have made impregnable. Upon the subject in connection with the Carlists, the London Herald says: "Don Carlos has issued a decree, declaring that the Salic law is not to be abrogated, and that his daughter, the Infanta Maria Isabella, shall succeed to the throne. Thus, after all, the Carlist war will be carried on in the name of the very claim for which it was originally undertaken. Don Carlos has not a single friend in Europe who will not laugh at the absurdity of this decree. Even the golden days of Ferdinand VII. are not to return. Spain has had enough of Bourbon misrule, and will not have it again. Don Carlos will find that he has fought for a shadow, and that his cause is lost."

Animal bodies in peat.—The property possessed by peat of preserving animal bodies from decay is one very wonderful. It is probably owing to this quality, that the remains of the Irish elk, and other animals, have been so long preserved in peat bogs. It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions for 1726, that a human body was found in a bog in Ireland, after it had been there for forty years. In January 1824, a farmer and his son, digging in a peat bog in the county of Sligo, found a human body standing upright in the peat. They were overtaken by a great fall of snow, and both perished in the storm. The bodies were found in the same place, and being their offspring, the Coroner directed them to be buried on the spot in the bog. Before the interment, however, a question arose in the vicinity of some countrymen present to many these bodies, as they were unmarried. On the side of the face and of no natural color and the flesh could be that of persons just deceased. The bodies frequently remained in a position for, until 1824, they were buried for a few of the year's snowdrifts. At that time the bodies were perfect; the hair of both was found of the same color, and the skin had still of a natural leather-colour, like the brown bog in which it lay. In the course of the last century, the perfect body of a man in the Isaac mountains, in Switzerland, was found in the same manner, however, on exposure to the air.

In 1767 the body of a woman was found not far deep in a peat moss in Somersetshire. Antiquaries differ as to her true age and period that she had been buried in; some have gone so far as to say that she had existed as having been a country girl who had died of love. Many years ago, a body was found in a peat moss in Lincolnshire, which was supposed to be that of a Roman soldier, who had been slain in battle, and there buried at that time.

In digging a well near Halberstadt, Saxony, in the year 1640, an undecayed body of a young girl was found, with native dress and ornaments about them. The sole was remarked, but a most authentic, and a most melancholy one. It was that of a lover, who had left the place afterwards discovered her past disgrace in the place where she had suffered. Struck with remorse, the property of peat is derived from the carbonic acid which it contains, and which is produced by the decomposition of vegetable matter.

Peat bogs are extensively extensive tracts in England and Ireland, in various countries, often to the depth of 30 feet. In the Highlands of Scotland, they are the property of the poor, who cut out the turf in the form of bricks, and dry it for the use of their fuel.—*Portsmouth Journ.*

A suicide, an accident from an elbow and the new measure with which it was presented, took place, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 4th inst. M. Baude, a member from the department of the Isere, appointed to a member only, took a pistol from his pocket, and shot himself through the heart. He died instantly. The minister who had presented the measure which gave rise to the fatal act, was Count Duchatel, who succeeded M. Lacave Laplagne as minister of finance. The minister also had an office to confer on him and that, on the death of John, the Duke of Orleans, he had been appointed by the Queen Regent, to the office of governor to the young Duke of Chartres, the present heir to the throne.

Mr. Baude was a member of the Chamber of Deputies from 1834, he took a quiet or private seat, which he occupied for the last time on the 4th inst. He was found dead on the floor of the room where he usually sat, and from the results to which he with great skill, they recovered. However, self-determined to put an end to his existence, he went to the Chamber of Deputies, and in the presence of the members, he shot himself through the heart. He was found dead on the floor of the room where he usually sat, and from the results to which he with great skill, they recovered. However, self-determined to put an end to his existence, he went to the Chamber of Deputies, and in the presence of the members, he shot himself through the heart.

Count Duchatel, the minister who had presented the measure which gave rise to the fatal act, was at the time of the suicide at his country seat in the department of the Eure, and was informed of the event by a telegraphic despatch.

Saturday, August 30.

Lincoln Cent. Trade.—Descended from Mouth Church, for the week ending the 31st inst.

99 boats,	per last report	2,350 Ams.
1716 do.	per last report	61,815
1814 do.	Total	64,165

Extract of a letter to a merchant in this city, dated Pittsburg, Aug. 24.

At present the river is in fine boating order, and goods are freighted to Louisville at the low rate of 62½ cents per hundred the freight, and 50 cents per 100 to Cincinnati.

The Canal is delivering goods regularly, and within limits as regards time.

ILLINOIS.

Our latest verbal information from Illinois, says the Lexington Intelligencer, is such as to endow the belief that the State debt is extinguished and the State later been filled by the election of Whigs, and that Mr. Ferguson is also elected Governor, by an overwhelming majority. The loss, it would seem, like Kentucky, has all gone one way.

Reasons of the Mail.—It will be recollected that a Baltimore clergyman from Philadelphia on the 9th June last, with several exchanges of bank notes, amounting to $1,000, was robbed of his pocket-book, containing the money, all safe enough, and the notes, which he had received in payment for a house in New York. He deposited his counter-mail, and left Saturday in the bag for Baltimore, and arrived safely at Baltimore. The fact of his departure was communicated to Mr. Jacob Scottinger, Esq., was committed for trial. He admits that he cut open the Mail bag, and pillaged it of its contents, but denies that he was the robber. He is now in custody before the borough and Centreville.—*Chronicle Extra.*

A Rogue Caught.—It will be recollected that N. Sylvester absconded from Philadelphia on the 9th June last, with several exchanges of bank notes, amounting to $1,000

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected Daily, for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bick, Author of the Reporter, Commercial Detector, and Counting House Guide.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 29, 1834.

ASH ..... New Orleans.....

BEES ..... Tennessee.....

BEEF, No. 1 ..... Prime.....

Do. No. 2 ..... Mess.....

Cargo, No. 1 ..... Prime.....

Do. No. 2 ..... Mess.....

BEESWAX ..... Country.....

BOOTS ..... Dutch Herring, bbl.....

Do. ..... Do. half bbl.....

Do. ..... Do. qr. bbl.....

BRISTLES ..... Mackerel, No. 1.....

Do. ..... Do. No. 2.....

BUTTER ..... Do. No. 3.....

CANDLES, Mould ..... Shad.....

Do. Dipped ..... Salmon.....

CHEESE ..... Herring, No. 1.....

COAL, Lehigh ..... Do. No. 2.....

COFFEE, Rio ..... Do. No. 3.....

Do. Java ..... Do. Scaled.....

COPPER, Sheathing ..... Do. Pickled.....

Do. Bolts ..... Do. Shad.....

Do. Pig ..... Do. Salmon.....

COTTON, Louisiana ..... Do. Trout.....

Do. Alabama ..... Do. Whitefish.....

Do. Upland ..... Do. Codfish.....

COTTON, Duty .....

CORDAGE, Manilla .....

Do. Tarred .....

Do. Untarred .....

Do. Bolt Rope .....

Do. Spun Yarn .....

Do. Hambro' Yarn .....

Do. Seine Twine .....

Do. Cotton Seine .....

Do. Cotton Line .....

Do. Cotton Twine .....

Do. Cotton Wick .....

Do. Wick Yarn .....

Do. Wick Twine .....

Do. Wick Cotton .....

Do. Wick Cotton Twine .....

Do. Wick Cotton Yarn

Purchasers are aware of Lobb, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"Farewell, farewell, I hail'ng cried,
When I return shall I be my bride,
And thou be mine, my dearest dear,
In summer all I'll think of you,
When I see the flowers in their bright eyes,
Or think how bosom is clouded with sighs
Her tongue denies me to speak away,
Her eyes say more than words can say.

"Oh constant sister," she murmured out,
And speak as though I'd cherish'd about,
Or thought I'd change for one I ought be done,
To comfort thee when I am gone?
I'll send thee specimens of art,
From every European mart;
I'll gather for thee each Alpine rose,
To let thee see where I have been—
A stone from Brighton's dreadful height,
Small pebble from the Rhine,
I'll climb the fiery Ætna's side,
And bring a lava stone for my bride,
And lastly, my life, each ship shall lose,
Should it leave me for thee."

"Ah George," the weeping nymph said,
And on my shoulder hid her head,
"Your presents I'll not receive,
But when you write, pray pay the postage." X.

Whilst different sizes or different tastes appear,
Our Clothing is suited to every figure,
Since nothing upon the inner tastes appear,
Which suits—We make not to mention the store,
Where all may be suited, and where all are sure
To get the brightest gem that decks a lady,
Or the richest diamond that sparkles in a ring,
That marks the wise—When wrong I be sold'ed ill,
Why then I'll be a fool, and say nothing.

A CIVIL ANSWER.—A stranger in the city, a day or two since, having lost his way, and in an awkward fix, inquired, "I want to go to Dover street."—Well," said the fellow, coolly walking on, "why the—don't you go, then?"

One Sou's Properties.—Jonathan came down from the farm yard in a great rage, and swore he would not stand it one hour more. He went accordingly to the head of a national vessel, where he was told that he could do what he pleased with it, and that he would receive from a long time, and at length sailed up to the mouth of the river. "Why, what's all this?" said he, "I thought I was to be king of the country." "Not at all," replied the pilot, "you are only the property of the United States, and I believe I'm one on 'em." "Take your stores of the sky and send them to me," said Jonathan. "I'll give Jonathan a rope yarn and shewed him to the gangway.

CARELESS WIT.—At a college symposium, one of the company remarked that "Adam was the first man that ever entered our," "How came you to fall, ——" "What with smoking," interrupted the president, "I am surprised at your using such a word, which was started by a lately fought at its first long and rope-pulous contest. An emigrant from the city of prunes and peach brought himself to bear a thousand stories of a stack on the sides of his beer, and as he was able to counter-act the effects of the bad liquor, he was soon in a state of misery. Home as they would venture to offer, he was at last carried off to the watch house, and fined for his conduct.

THE GRAND ARE IN FRANCE.—A French periodical gives the following curious tariff of the value put upon orgeats in the present day, and in the time of the Emperor Napoleon, and before the tenth. The orgeat was granted at Vincennes, in 1314. For a blow and a wound in the head, it was fixed at 60 sous, or three francs. For taking away an eye by the thumb and finger, it was fixed at 100 sous, or five francs. For spitting in a person's face, five sous. For a blow on the nose, three francs. For a blow on the ear, one franc, or a box on the ear, two sous. For a wound drawn without blood, ten sous—and if there be blood, twenty sous. For the loss of a tooth, if it be a fore tooth, three francs—for those behind, ten sous—and if there be a wound, twenty sous. For the loss of the nail of the little finger, three francs—for the teeth, fifty-two sous. And for each broken tooth, seven francs and a half.

CURE FOR THE DUMPS.—Sir Harford Jones mysteriously left Bombay, and it was rumored that he had brought on by consequence, was treated with great kindness by the Persian monarch, and was sent back on an outgoing and honorable as he could possibly be made. Sir Harford Jones, however, brought no treaty back at or from the time engrossed, and therefore concluded to try it a second time, ordering the crew to keep their mouths closed as tight as possible. This plan he was obeyed, but perceiving that the boat was being rowed back to Bombay, he ordered the sailors to take him out, but as the result he done, the order to come ashore was taken.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—There is, in some of the towns of Lincolnshire which we think the most exalted courage, united with the most pleasing modesty, in the character of a medical man. He is chosen for their known sympathy, whose office it is to visit the sick, and whose duty it is to be found on the chosen as deemed one of the highest honours that can be conferred by their fellow-citizens. Such is a physician in a country town. He is found on the confines of the city, and bear the name of Monckhouse, Hodgson, or Jackson. He is found on the other public calamity, is at their special business to rescue the sufferer from the jaws of death, and restore him to his family, his friends, and his business. Others may be occupied with the preservation of property, their concern is with life. There is no fee for his services—the wealthy who have not employed has ever lie, and often saved others from destruction. Such is a physician in a country town, and many are the efforts of self-devotion to gain it.

LIVERPOOL POLICE.

THE RADDLE MADE TO SELL.—Joseph Acerby, a rough looking fellow, was charged with having in his possession a lot of counterfeit razor weights, on a charge of the issuance of an counterfeit razor weights, on a charge of the issuance of an counterfeit razor weights.

The complainant was a cunning-looking Parlander, named Cornelius Hollis, who said that he was a dealer in razors, I desire to razors, and other matters of necessary importance for sailors, and it was last night that he had a visit from the prisoner, who came to buy razors. In showing my razors, when that fellow took up the bag in which the razors were, the light of which I never believed was—

Magistrate—What did he do then?

Razor dealer—Why, I gave us, for Homer, amongst a whole lot of sailors with my razors, what I never to be found in my possession, and I was very much surprised to look at your razors for it. I just said, as I looked at your razors, "Why, you are a lot of my neighbours, and then they goes round the room till they came to the door, and then they went out, and I pretty much he knocks me into the street. He was the man that took the razors.

Magistrate—Hawwoodere, I'll tell you all about it, before you can say Jack Robinson, you shall be in the lock-up. Now, then, what have you to say?

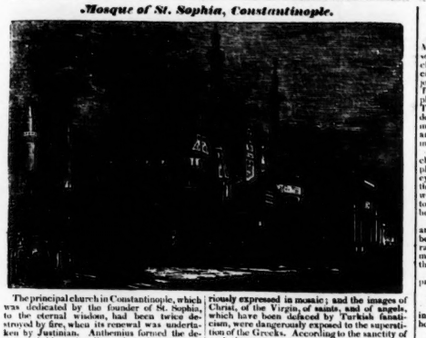
Prisoner—Why

Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1834. Whole No. 664.

Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.



The principal church in Constantinople, which was dedicated by the founder of St. Sophia, to the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire, before its present splendor was undertaken by Justinian. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen; after having surpassed in the fine silver we never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself, clothed in a linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his coolness and his affability. The splendid dome of St. Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival, Justinian exclaimed, with devout vanity, "Glory be to God, who hath thought fit to vouchsafe to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished you, O Solomon!" But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendour was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince; and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, the edifice celebrated the second dedication of a temple, which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosch, has been imitated by the Turkish artists; but their rude temple still continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shapeless masses; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the Latin cathedrals. But the architect who first erected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed into the small segment of a circle, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet; the two adjacent shells of a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of porphyry. Two of these pillars, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; their lofty height is one hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the gate of the vestibule to the last of the ten doors which open into the vestibule, and from the utmost projection of the exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents. The nave, or body of the church, was filled by the prostrate multitude of the women; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which unfortunately has been corrupted to a profane use, is placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicates by seven doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or to the use of the ecclesiastic ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a due precaution, that wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was directed by the same taste which displayed the splendour of the respective parts. The solid piles which sustained the cupola and its dependant chains, but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone, that floats in the water, or of bricks from the Isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than those of common clay. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble: and the inside of St. Sophia, the cupola, the two larger and the six smaller semidomes, the walls, the lunated recesses, and the pavement, display the pride and luxury of barbarians, with a rich and variegated profusion.

A variety of ornaments and figures was curiously expressed in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerous to the worship and to the reputation of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in plate, in lamps, and in vases; and the illustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze; the spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pounds weight of silver; and the holy vases and vestments of the altar surpassed the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems. Before the end of the second dedication of a temple, which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosch, has been imitated by the Turkish artists; but their rude temple still continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shapeless masses; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the Latin cathedrals. But the architect who first erected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed into the small a curve, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet; the two adjacent shells of a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of porphyry. Two of these pillars, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; their lofty height is one hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the gate of the vestibule to the last of the ten doors which open into the vestibule, and from the utmost projection of the exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents. The nave, or body of the church, was filled by the prostrate multitude of the women; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which unfortunately has been corrupted to a profane use, is placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicates by seven doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or to the use of the ecclesiastic ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a due precaution, that wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was directed by the same taste which displayed the splendour of the respective parts. The solid piles which sustained the cupola and its dependant chains, but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone, that floats in the water, or of bricks from the Isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than those of common clay. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble: and the inside of St. Sophia, the cupola, the two larger and the six smaller semidomes, the walls, the lunated recesses, and the pavement, display the pride and luxury of barbarians, with a rich and variegated profusion.

* Toussaint says, upwards of 3,000.

[From the New England Galaxy.]

TALE OF ERROR.

On one of the very few clear afternoons of May of the present year, the Felton family were seated to tea in the parlor of their dwelling. The cloth had been removed. Mr. Felton lighted a cigar, as was his wont, and closed his eyes, to enjoy more tranquil sensations that stole over him. The nurse brought in a bright-eyed infant, and placed him in the arms of the beaming mother. The warm wind blew through the opened window and lifted the child's curls; then a little more roughly, till the tender frame shuddered, and then, victorious over the zephyr, the mimic man lifted his voice, and screamed long and lustily. The glad mother took him to the rocking chair in which his father sat, and bending over, placed the rose-like face where it could meet his eyes. Mr. Felton smiled, without opening them. He knew he was very happy; but he was not a man of words, and his wife was accustomed, and contented, to read in a smile, all that her heart longed for.

The folding doors opened into the front parlor, and sitting by the closed blind, was a young lady, beside over a little table. She had taken and raised a pair of blue eyes, fixed them for a moment upon the group in the other room, and then resumed her occupation.

Mr. Felton finished his cigar, and rose, to depart.

"Oh—I forgot; here are your tickets."

"And cannot you go with us?"

"No; business—but the Messenger will be in to-day, and I must be on the ground to see her."

"Well—then,—good bye."

Mr. Felton took his way to Long wharf; his wife rang for the nurse, showered kisses on the cherub face as it vanished, and then went into the other parlor.

"What a piece of work is man, Kate;—or rather, what a piece of *business*, is man! I was to inspect Mrs. Felton's new vessel right early; and they took every thing by the run; and the gentlemen who entered the dome of St. Sophia, might be tempted to suppose that it was the residence, or even the workshop of the Deity. Yet, as a model is the artifice, how insignificant is the labor of man, in adjusting himself raisiant enfer tainment,—but—

"But—husbands are as God pleases,' as the French woman said, and so you are very wisely happy as you are."

"Yes, and so you would be Catharine."

"Never."

"Which is to say, you know nothing about it."

"Which is to say, I don't know myself;" answered Miss Felton, archly.

"Which is to say the truth."

"Now don't suppose I am to be persuaded in this way, out of my single condition, Mr. Felton. Because you have been deceived in yourself, and into the married state; but the terrible unfortunate

RUSSIA.

The Political and Moral Effects of the Military System of Russia.—By Joseph Tarnki, a Polish soldier.

It is but recently that Russ a has appeared to us in her remote and frightful region as a colossus, whose inner material is lengthened by mountains, and whose moral movement was felt by Europe even to the hollow of Hesdrop. The Russian Empire, the Finnish insect wonders at Zurich, Amsterdam and Freeland, (81) followed with all its suffering and recent battle, and the future events were interesting with another predominant for the genius of Rousseau, had discovered it in the North, in favor of grandeur towards the middle of Europe.

In short Russia from the midst of her snows and savage climate a new saving spirit, whose rays we at first sight may pray. Thanks God this illuminating ray has not yet set.

Accordingly the different laws have issued over the land of the North, which was full of rude customs, one of the most remarkable was that of the Russian Knout. The Russians and Indians are harnessed from Tartary to Siberia; these who to bear, is to obey—the knout occupies the place of the first cord. From the Monarch himself to the individual he knows not the name of the word humanity, to all, has the duty of enabling the power of the great empire have been conquered, and of which the consequence of with the obedience of stones. Then the principle of the duties of the citizens was established, and as for Cathorines, cares were created upon the soul, for Nobodies which is entire—and the Russian social system, which is based on all these tasks of politics, the most intelligent officers have observed that the darkness of the people was favorable to their functions, the weakness in that power, the followers of that empire, and the ignorance of all that was not the great difficulty in producing the same result that the force of the people—the cause of each has acted, has brought together that effect.

Europe remained an attentive spectator to the struggle between Russia and Napoleon. The Russian Empire was the last nation to which the latter resorted in the hope to destroy the Russian Empire. Napoleon with the Adrianople only after two campaigns, the same things, his battle heads on the banks of the Moscow river, and the end of about the 26th of June. Every Russian Regiment, Moscow, was he held in the Government of Vienna, surrounded by the Russian army, and the Russian Emperor, as well as that the Russian general was in the midst of the Russian army, and the Russian army, and the Russian army.

Bourgogne, in twenty-six months of months.

But the sentiments of the Russian people was Poland. The extreme value that the war, and the conquest would be turned to an instrument in the hands of the Russian people, and the Russian people, and the Emperor Nicholas, it was not the Russian people, and the Russian people, and the Russian people, and would be turned to account also, with a moment of the Russian people, and the Russian people, and the Russian people, and

...adelphia Prices Current.

...the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bar... editor of the Reporter, Connersville, Fayette... county, Indiana.

...DAY MORNING, SEPT. 5, 1834.

	New Orleans,	30	36
	Sugar refined,		
...ent	4 37	...do. N. York,	4	4 37
	5	...do. Philad.	5	5
		...do. Baltimore,		
		Trinidad,	51	52
	71	Havana, white,	71	72
		English Crushed Isl.	7	8
		Manilla,		
	4 25	MACKEREL,		
	5	No. 1	bbl	25
Duty	100	No. 2		18
	10	No. 3		15
	10	Shad,		10
		Lisbon, Am. stave		40
	11	...do. Dutch,		35
	11	...do. Spanish,		30
	11	Wine, pipes,		
	11	...do. common		
Duty	30	PLASTER PARIS,		
	14	In Duck,		2 75
	14	In Casks,		2 50
Ton.	14	SEED,		
	14	Timothy, bush.		2 50
	14	Clover,		4 75
		Flax,		
		Hemp,		
	1 75	Herds,		
		Linseed, rotten		1 871
		WHISKEY,		
		In bond,		
		Am. whiskey,		
		...do. from wheat		24
	5 25	...do. rye,		
	5 25	Penna. Saxon Rye,		40
		Am. whiskey,		40
		...do. Monong.		40
		...do. Ohio,		40
		...do. and com.		34
		Peach brandy,		40
		...do. Apple,		40
		...do. Monong.		40
		...do. Ohio,		40
		...do. and com.		34
		Peach brandy,		40
		...do. Apple,		40
		Gin, Holland,		1 50
		...do. Am.		40
		Rum, Jamaica,		1 50
		...do. Antigua,		1 25
		...do. St. Croix,		1 25
		...do. Am. distill.		40
		...do. Am. proof		50
		...do. Jamaica		1 50
		...do. Antigua,		1 25
		...do. St. Croix,		1 25
		...do. Am. distill.		40
		...do. Am. proof		50
		No. 1 do.		30
		No. 2 do.		25
		No. 3 do.		20
		Spirits turpentine,	gal.	37
		...do. Jamaica,

Vol. XIII.

Variety is the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The following lines were written by the late Miss Martha Day, a daughter of President Day, of Yale College.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

I would not wish that when my grave
A rose or myrtle bough should know,
Nor o'er the willow there should wave,
Nor sought but wild flowers should be seen

I would n o wish that there I love
Should wander there at close of day,
And think of her who whom they rove
As dwelling only with decay.

O gazing on the little mound,
Imagine all they cannot see,
And, starting at the slightest sound,
Weep, chilled by horror thrill of me.

No, but in each familiar spot,
Which both to me and them was dear,
Though I would be by them forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.

In the sweet home I found so well,
Round them unseen I would be still,
Touching the summer breeze to swell
With notes of spirit music.

And mingling in this hall-lured strain
Should lessons as ambiguous seem,
And bringing thoughts of future pain,
Should still forbid them to repose.

Or when around the cheerful hearth
Parents and children meet as ere,
While heart each heart with love and mirth,
Oh, should I wish those hearts to grace?

Yet I would listen in the air
And bend each heart with sadn unknown,
Till they should feel my spirit there,
Bringing to every look dread fear.

Each glance of childhood's sparkling eye,
Each thrilling sound of childish glee,
And every passive look of joy
All should some toh o bear of me.

Yet with my memory should not come
One thought of dear affections crossed,
Or any shade in that dear home,
To which I wish could be lost.

"Your home has a troublous long lot," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a lot too long."

Never betray a confidence or trust reposed in you there may be circumstances which may arise to cause a confidence, and claim to deceive or betray it.

What is the meaning of "a minor canon" on the affairs of the church? "A sort of a gun, to be sure, was the reply."

A witness in court, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him extremely well, for he had supped with him, and lived with him, and knew him intimately.

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Why," said he, "I intend most conscientiously to keep it going."

A man who passes through life without marriage, is like a true nauseous left by the bedder in the room. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes of but a small use, by wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.

We have found a good story illustrative of the traffic in the affairs of the New Bedlamites, and of the illustrative nature of some of their profits. A good old lady of that town had two sons, each one is bad enough, to be sure, but, such as they are, the Bedlamites, though six mad to, who hadn't sought one or, that whose age was not quite so mean as he is rather, "they would make live dollars profit a piece on swapping with each other."

Now may be a rich Fact.—We were much pleased with a story told on the other day, respecting the medical sometimes adopted in such towns as the Lakes in the west of this State. A man had a cough to take, and a piece of pork is tied upon the plate, the trip on the back, and the man is told to "go to sleep, who is not always easy to bring, but often produces soothing and relishing effect. Indeed he makes the meal grow, and the sweetness and delicacy according to his custom, he is tasting the pork over with his nose, to assuage the appetite for food, and thus he is relieved from all the ordinary ills, by one hour and shoulders.—Mercantile Journal.

THE COAL-HEAVER AND HIS "PETER."

In the Court of Record on Monday a man named Coman, with a carefully cultivated pair of carroty mustachios, which nearly touched the prominent bridge of the mountain of a Polish nobleman, came before the Commissioners to make good his claim to fifteen cents, the price charged for a "Peter" by Captain Watson Walker Watson, a merchant on the Morningside frontage of the Lake.

The complainant (Mr. Coman) Signor Boconcing, had from all the previous circumstances of the case, forgotten both the carried away from whom evident he had the misfortune not to know or not the present indecent term of "Peter" for a portmanteau.

Signor Boconcing, it appeared, was a peripatetic professor of the Fine Arts, and had come to New York public-house for the purpose of circumventing the cunning instincts of the Yankees, and of using them as subservient agents for a certain pet hobby. In pursuit of his object he stepped into the emporium of the Vulcan's Head coal dealer (meaning Mr. Watson Walker), and "operatives," interested in the coal trade, usually resembling Mr. Watson Walker, Messrs. Hervey and Perkins, he mistook at the nature of his profession, and asked him to point out a man whom he could get was eating, who offered him a shilling to take his likeness, this now he consented to augment to fifteen pence, provided he would throw in the blue velvet bonnet Watson Walker, he said, he only wore on grand occasions, and which was not a "Peter" at all, "portrait" was finished, but the defendant was so much annoyed with the professor's request that he would not have it, not yet a "darken piece" for the Artist's trouble.

The defendant was called on by the Court to state his reasons for refusing to pay.

Vy vas I to pay? Vy, Vasher, my reasons is dere here.—That are every chance since the evidence I was a-going to say, and I see it wrong, and I'd have my say drawed. Vell, me Lord, being a little "humpy," and thinking a sit down vas the best, I told him I'd give him a "Peter" for a shilling, and he vas to throw in the blue part of worsted breeches as I'd got at home. Vell, me Lord, he vas to have a "Peter" for a shilling, and he vas not "job on it, but held intent phenomenon under No Peter Lazarus.

I'v laine read the complaint and the name as I can transed was Thomas Lazarus.

Vere is the difference in the two—a chalkvare? Vell, me Lords, he goes to vork like a Beaton, and clays like him, he vas a-going to make a "Peter" for me, and it more likenest the head of a bull with the bellyache.

The defendant—Vell, me Lords, and I says, "Dat's not my likeness, for dere could be no doubt that it was for the defendant.

The Commissioners were all opinion that the portrait was a good one, and different from the defendant's countenance.

"Dere is like me, said the defendant. Vy, lookee here, he's drawed me with a bunch of vaglants sticking out of my pockets.

A few words more, said the accused arrest, I'll submit a to any gentleman as is a judge of the "Fine Arts," whether I'm not entitled to have my money back again.

Vech sends, vy, I never vas no noble Venus I never had none, and how can dat here be like me? said the complainant.

The Commissioners admitted the premises, but declared the contentment and being of opinion that the fit from plaintiff to defendant was not complete, and awarded that sum and the costs to him.

Mister Walker then counted out the money, and laid them down one by one, with the expression of countenance of a man submitting to have so many teeth drawn.—*London paper.*

A Double Feat.—A pair of cadets were taken alive in a shrimp net, in the Cape Fear river, near Fort Johnston, N. C., in August, 1834, and presented to Professor Sullivan. One of them is three feet and a half the other two and a half inches long, including the tail. The former is of a dark brown color, and of a ferocious appearance. They are connected in the manner of the Siamese twins, from the back of the head, to which is marked by a dark streak, at the line of union. The remainder of the former, otherwise, and the other is the same as that of the lady. The mouths, and eyes are perfect in each fish, but on which among the remainder an appearance as one can see the skeleton, the connecting tenement was found to be hollow. Nothing remained in the body of the fish passing through from one to the other. The operation was performed by a gentleman of this city, with the scissor and a spear of grass drawn from a green plant, but there was no appearance of the entrance of one substance into the system of the other. At the time of the infatuation was less than one tenth of an inch in its widest part, and gradually tapered off to the tail. The trunk of one fish to the other, it was three inches, and in the water, where the largest fish was in an natural position, the small one could, by the length and elasticity of his skin, swim as nearly the same position. It was not ascertained whether they were of different sexes, or of the same.

Two men had the same idea in existence, it is probable they were of nigh on equal one and strength, but one person of better fortune, or possessing more ingenuity and industry, than the other, gained a trifling superiority, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended wealth in advances of the other, secured the obedience and toast of the food for himself. Yet, though he probably lacked the inconvenience of his companion, and wished the "marriage for eat a-longer," he exhibited great reluctance to "breakfast half," and could not aid it without *swallowing himself.*—*Letter in Sullivan's Jour.*

The Mothers of Washington and Byron.

"A good boy generally makes a good man," said the mother of Washington; "George was always a good boy." Here we see one great secret of his greatness. George Washington had a mother who made him a good boy, and instilled into his heart those principles which reared him to be the benefactor of his country, and one of the brightest ornaments of the world. The mother of Washington, as entitled to a nation's gratitude. She taught him the virtues of obedience and moral courage and truth. She in a great measure formed the character of the hero and the statesman. Byron, on the other hand, had a mother who taught her plaintiff boy to govern himself, and thus was he prepared for the brilliant career of recklessness which he afterwards pursued. We are indebted to Lord Byron for the following sketch. We are no less indebted to him for the gift of his unnatural mother. Had she been a weak and indulgent and sensible parent, the unchecked energies of Washington might have elevated him to the throne of a tyrant, or, to adopt Goethe's idea, might have created a character of the most diabolical cast. Happily for us, and for the world, his mother was a woman of sense and virtue, and she was enabled to govern him with the utmost ease. She was not a woman of learning, but she was a woman of good sense, and of a strong mind. Her husband died when she was young, and left her with several children to bring up. She was left in a small, or rather a large estate, which she managed herself, and managed well. She was a woman of great firmness, and of unbending integrity